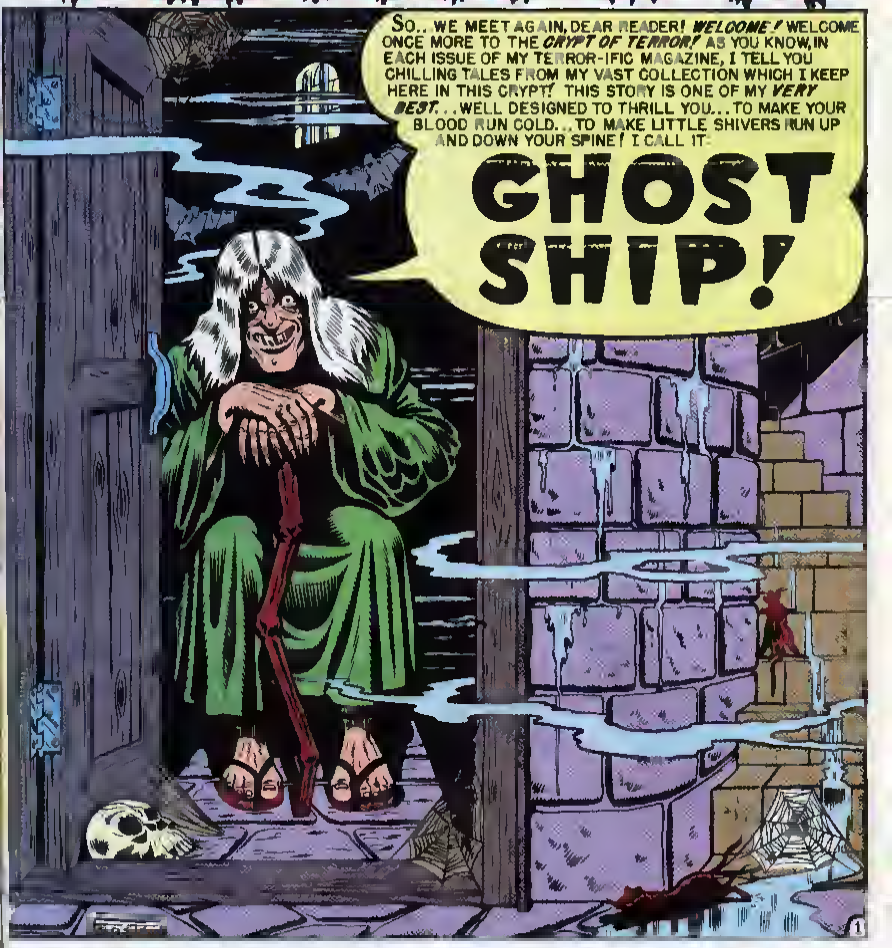
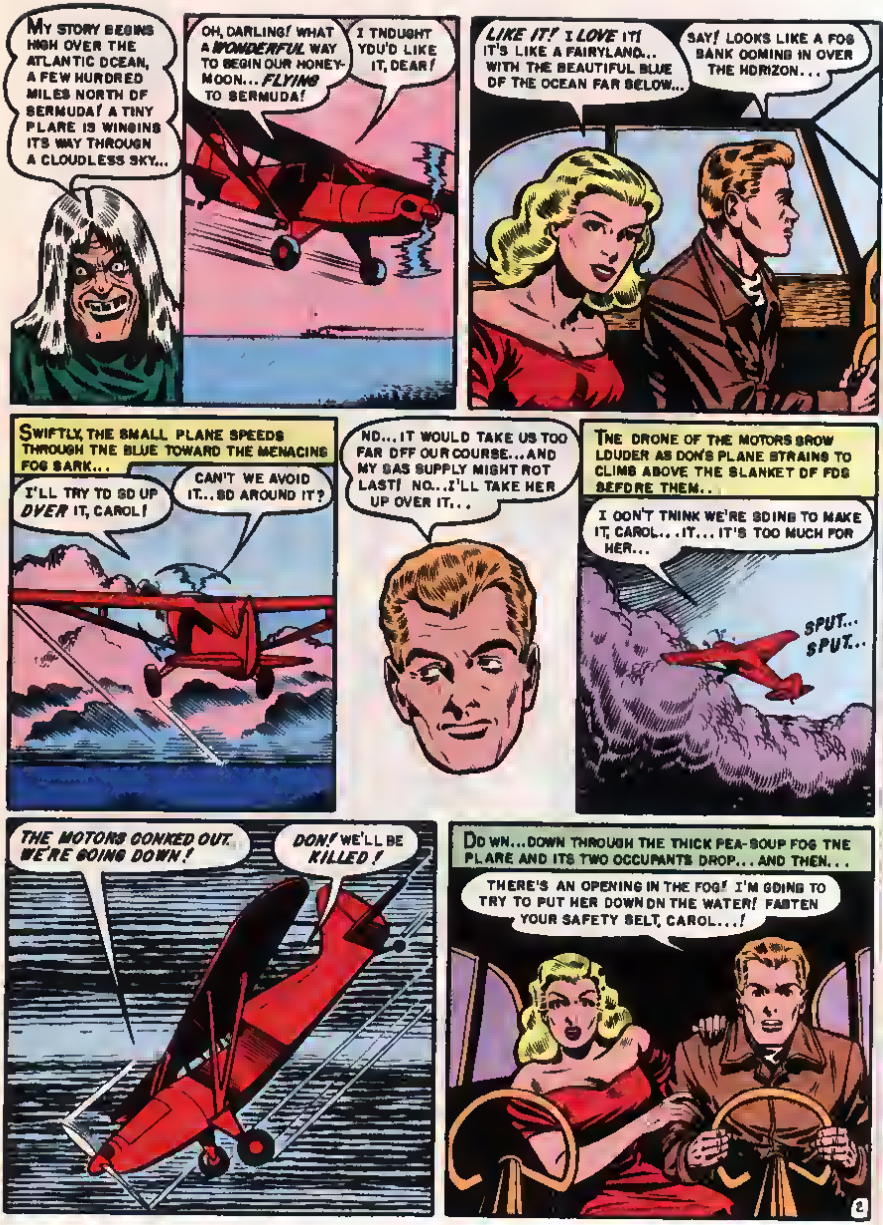
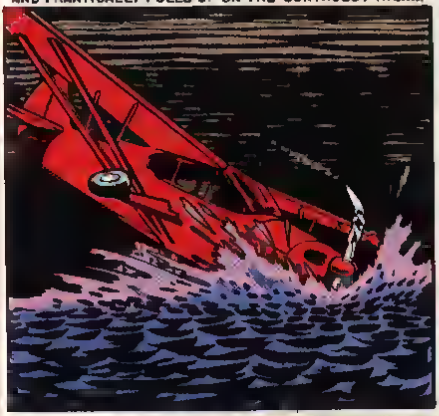
TERROR
EC
THE CRYPT OF TERROR
10¢
ILLUSTRATED SUSPENSTORIES
BLASTED VOODOO DRUMS!
THEY'VE BEEN BEATING
INCESSANTLY EVER SINCE THE
NIGHT I MURDERED MY WIFE!
THEY'RE DRIVING ME OUT OF MY
MIND... PUNISHING... PULSATING...
I WONDER WHAT THOSE
NATIVES ARE UP TO?

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

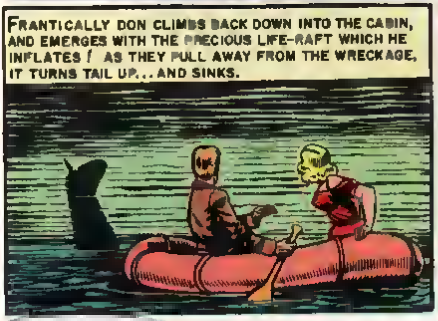



MY STORY BEGINS HIGH OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, A FEW HUNDRED MILES NORTH OF BERMUDA! A TINY PLANE IS WINGING ITS WAY THROUGH A CLOUDLESS SKY...
OH, DARLING! WHAT A WONDERFUL WAY TO BEGIN OUR HONEY-MOON... FLYING TO BERMUDA!
I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT, DEAR!
LIKE IT! I LOVE IT! IT'S LIKE A FAIRYLAND... WITH THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE OF THE OCEAN FAR BELOW...
SAY! LOOKS LIKE A FOG BANK COMING IN OVER THE HORIZON...
SWIFTLY, THE SMALL PLANE SPEEDS THROUGH THE BLUE TOWARD THE MENACING FOG BANK...
I'LL TRY TO GO UP OVER IT, CAROL!
CAN'T WE AVOID IT... GO AROUND IT?
NO... IT WOULD TAKE US TOO FAR OFF OUR COURSE... AND MY GAS SUPPLY MIGHT NOT LAST! NO... I'LL TAKE HER UP OVER IT...
THE DRONE OF THE MOTORS GROW LOUDER AS DON'S PLANE STRAINS TO CLIMB ABOVE THE BLANKET OF FOG BEFORE THEM..
I DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT, CAROL... IT... IT'S TOO MUCH FOR HER...
SPUT... SPUT...
THE MOTORS CONKED OUT. WE'RE GOING DOWN!
DON! WE'LL BE KILLED!
DOWN... DOWN THROUGH THE THICK PEA-SOUP FOG THE PLANE AND ITS TWO OCCUPANTS DROP... AND THEN...
THERE'S AN OPENING IN THE FOG! I'M GOING TO TRY TO PUT HER DOWN ON THE WATER! FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELT, CAROL...!
2

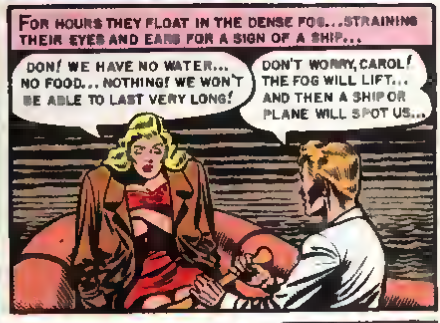
STRAINING FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE OCEAN AS THE CRIPPLED PLANE RUSHES TOWARDS IT, DON'S EYES PEER INTO THE THICK FOG! SUDDENLY HE SEES THROUGH THE OPENING... AND FRANTICALLY PULLS UP ON THE CONTROLS! THEN...



FRANTICALLY DON CLIMBS BACK DOWN INTO THE CABIN, AND EMERGES WITH THE PRECIOUS LIFE-RAFT WHICH HE INFLATES! AS THEY PULL AWAY FROM THE WRECKAGE, IT TURNS TAIL UP... AND SINKS.

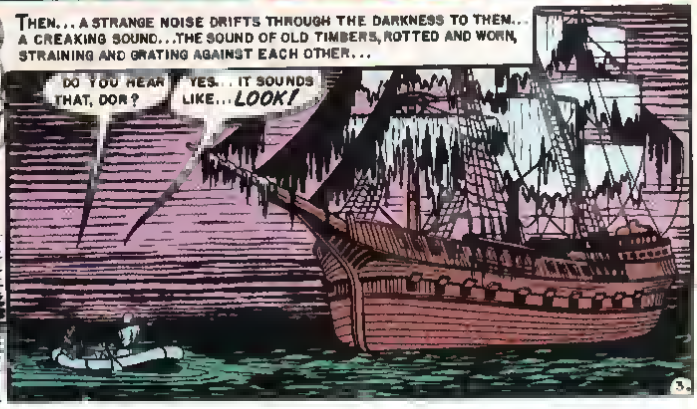


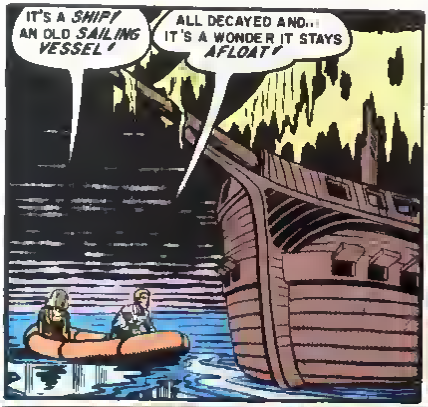
FOR HOURS THEY FLOAT IN THE DENSE FOG...STRAINING THEIR EYES AND EARS FOR A SIGN OF A SHIP...

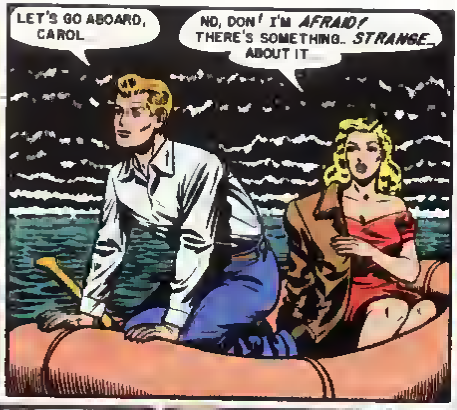


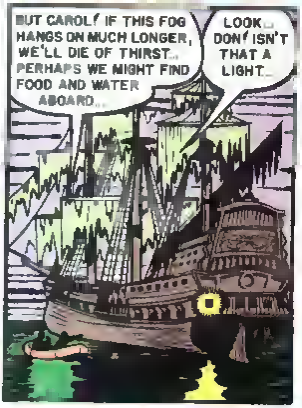
BUT THE FOG DOES *NOT* LIFT! IT REMAINS FOR ONE DAY...THEN TWO! CAROL AND DON, TIRED AND WEAK FROM HUNGER AND THIRST, DRIFT AIMLESSLY ABOUT IN THE LITTLE RUBBER RAFT,... LISTENING... LOOKING...IN VAIN!

THEN... A STRANGE NOISE DRIFTS THROUGH THE DARKNESS TO THEM... A CREAKING SOUND...THE SOUND OF OLD TIMBERS, ROTTED AND WORN, STRAINING AND GRATING AGAINST EACH OTHER...



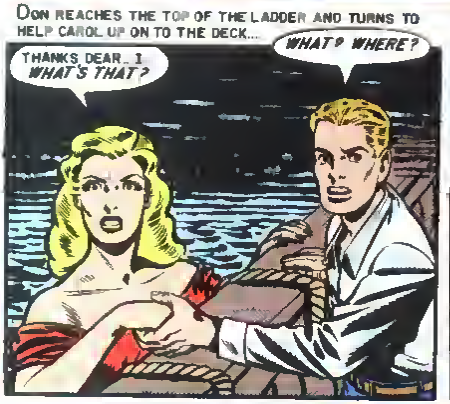

IT'S A SHIP! AN OLD SAILING VESSEL!
ALL DECAYED AND... IT'S A WONDER IT STAYS AFLOAT!

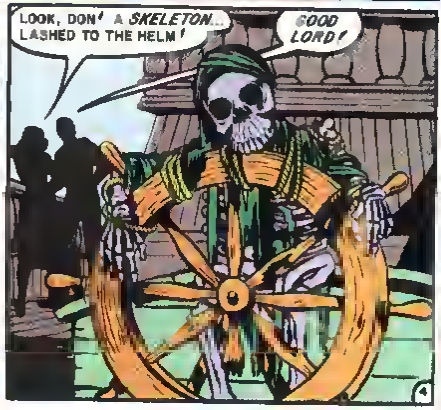

LET'S GO ABOARD, CAROL
NO, DON! I'M AFRAID! THERE'S SOMETHING... STRANGE... ABOUT IT...


BUT CAROL! IF THIS FOG HANGS ON MUCH LONGER, WE'LL DIE OF THIRST... PERHAPS WE MIGHT FIND FOOD AND WATER ABOARD...
LOOK... DON! ISN'T THAT A LIGHT...

SEE... THERE IS SOMEONE ON BOARD!
HELLO!! HELLO UP THERE!!!

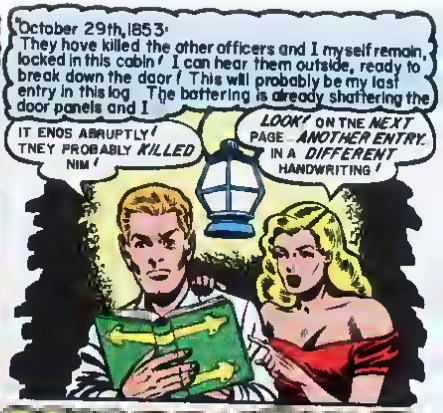
THAT'S FUNNY! THERE'S NO ANSWER!
HERE'S A ROPE LADDER! COME ON, CAROL! WE'LL TIE THE RAFT UP AND SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT...


DON REACHES THE TOP OF THE LADDER AND TURNS TO HELP CAROL UP ON TO THE DECK...
THANKS, DEAR... I WHAT'S THAT?
WHAT? WHERE?


LOOK, DON! A SKELETON... LASHED TO THE HELM!
GOOD LORD!

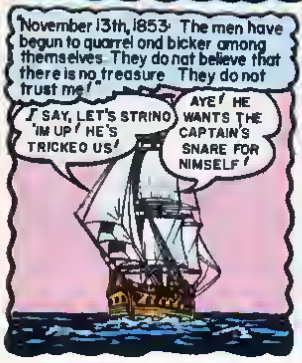
AND... GASP... ONE HANGING FROM THE YARD-ARM...
I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
LOOK. I WAS RIGHT! THERE IS A LIGHT IN THE CABIN...
C'MON! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!
THERE'S SOMEONE DOWN THERE...
HE'S READING A BOOK.
THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE MADE THEIR WAY DOWN THE DARK STAIRS TO THE CABIN AND KNOCKED ON THE DOOR! THERE WAS NO ANSWER! DON LIFTED THE LATCH AND THE DOOR SQUEAKED OPEN...
WHY... THERE'S NO ONE HERE, NOW!
DON! I'M AFRAID! LET'S GO BACK TO THE RAFT!
NONSENSE! WE PROBABLY SCARED WHOEVER IT WAS AWAY! LOOK! HERE'S THE BOOK HE WAS READING!
IT... IT LOOKS LIKE THE SHIP'S LOG!
GREAT SCOTT! THE LAST ENTRY IS DATED JANUARY 6TH, 1854!
GO BACK A BIT AND READ WHAT HAPPENED UP TO THAT DAY, DON!
"October 17th 1853-Today seized the British Frigate Golden Star, killing all hands aboard and capturing booty of jewels and gold coin. The men are dissatisfied with the split; I taking almost half for myself! Captain Henry Dragoon."
WHY, THEN THIS WAS A PIRATE VESSEL... AND DRAGOON WAS ITS CAPTAIN!
YES, BUT LISTEN TO THIS!
3

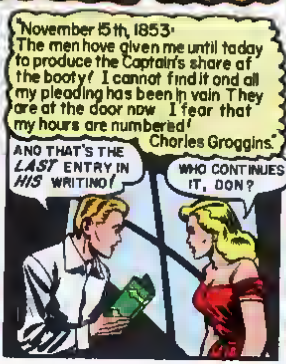
"October 27th, 1853:
A mutiny is stirring, led by one of the men, Charles Groggins. I fear for the lives of myself and my mate Captain Henry Dragoon.
WHOLE TREASURE WILL BE OURS TO SHARE FAIRLY! ARE YOU WITH ME.
AND THEN THE LET'S STRING THEM UP THE CHEATS!

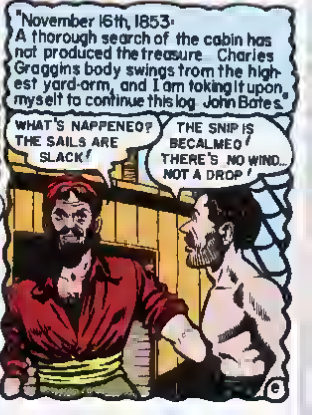

"October 29th, 1853:
They have killed the other officers and I myself remain locked in this cabin! I can hear them outside, ready to break down the door! This will probably be my last entry in this log. The battering is already shattering the door panels and I
IT ENDS ABRUPTLY! THEY PROBABLY KILLED HIM!
LOOK! ON THE NEXT PAGE... ANOTHER ENTRY IN A DIFFERENT HANDWRITING!

"October 30th, 1853: Today, as the new captain of this vessel, I ordered Henry Dragoon to walk the plank. In his parting words, he cursed us and swore revenge and return...
MARK MY WORDS! I WILL RETURN TO ONCE AGAIN COMMAND THIS VESSEL! DEATH TO ALL OF YOU WILL BE MY REVENGE...
GO ON... STOP YOUR CHATTERING AND TAKE YOUR FINAL STEP!

"The men laughed and he disappeared into the briny sea. I immediately set about to find the share of the treasure he had taken...but to no avail. It had vanished! The men will not like this bad news. Charles Groggins.
WHAT? HIS SHARE IS GONE? WHAT MEANS THIS, GROGGINS?
IT IS THE TRUTH MEN... THE BOOTY IS NOWHERE IN THE CABIN!
BAH!
GRUMBLE


"November 13th, 1853: The men have begun to quarrel and bicker among themselves. They do not believe that there is no treasure. They do not trust me!"
I SAY, LET'S STRING 'IM UP! HE'S TRICKED US!
AYE! HE WANTS THE CAPTAIN'S SHARE FOR HIMSELF!


"November 15th, 1853:
The men have given me until today to produce the Captain's share of the booty! I cannot find it and all my pleading has been in vain. They are at the door now. I fear that my hours are numbered!
Charles Groggins."
AND THAT'S THE LAST ENTRY IN HIS WRITING!
WHO CONTINUES IT, DON?


"November 16th, 1853:
A thorough search of the cabin has not produced the treasure. Charles Groggins body swings from the highest yard-arm, and I am taking it upon myself to continue this log. John Bates."
WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE SAILS ARE SLACK!
THE SNIP IS BECALMED! THERE'S NO WIND... NOT A DROP!

"December 5th 1853
There has been a dead calm for three weeks now. The ship has slowly drifted into a great sea of seaweed and we are held fast by its millions of entwining plants."

WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS NOW.. EVER IF WE DID GET A BREEZE!

WE ARE DOOMED! I SAY TAKE TO THE SMALL BOATS...!

NO WE WOULD DIE OF EXPOSURE AND STARVATION...!

WE'LL TAKE WHAT'S LEFT OF THE STORES AND WATER!

IT'S FOLLY! I SAY STAY ON THE SHIP! PERHAPS A STRONG ENOUGH WIND WILL TAKE US OFF...

I AGREE WITH THE OTHERS! LET'S TAKE TO THE SMALL BOATS!

"December 18th 1853
Most of the men took their shares of the stores and left the ship in the small boats. There are but a few of us left."

LOOK! AN ALBATROSS!

IF WE KILL IT, WE COULD BE ASSURED OF FOOD FOR A LITTLE LONGER!

IT IS BAD LUCK TO KILL AN ALBATROSS! BAD LUCK!

"January 3rd 1854
My hand can hardly hold the plume. I am weak with hunger. Our food and water ran out four days ago, and still the Albatross hovers over us, its screeching driving us out of our minds."

IT'S *LAUGHING* AT US... *LAUGHING*...

BY HEAVEN I'LL *KILL* IT...

WAIT... *WAIT!* I FEEL *THAT!* A *BREEZE!* AND LOOK... *STORM CLOUDS*...

"Jouary 4th 1854
The storm hit last night at eight-bells. Our sails are full-set but still this cursed sea of seaweed holds us fast. Already the ship, battered by the stormy sea, is beginning to crack and strain. Johnson has tied himself to the helm so that he may steer us out should we break loose."

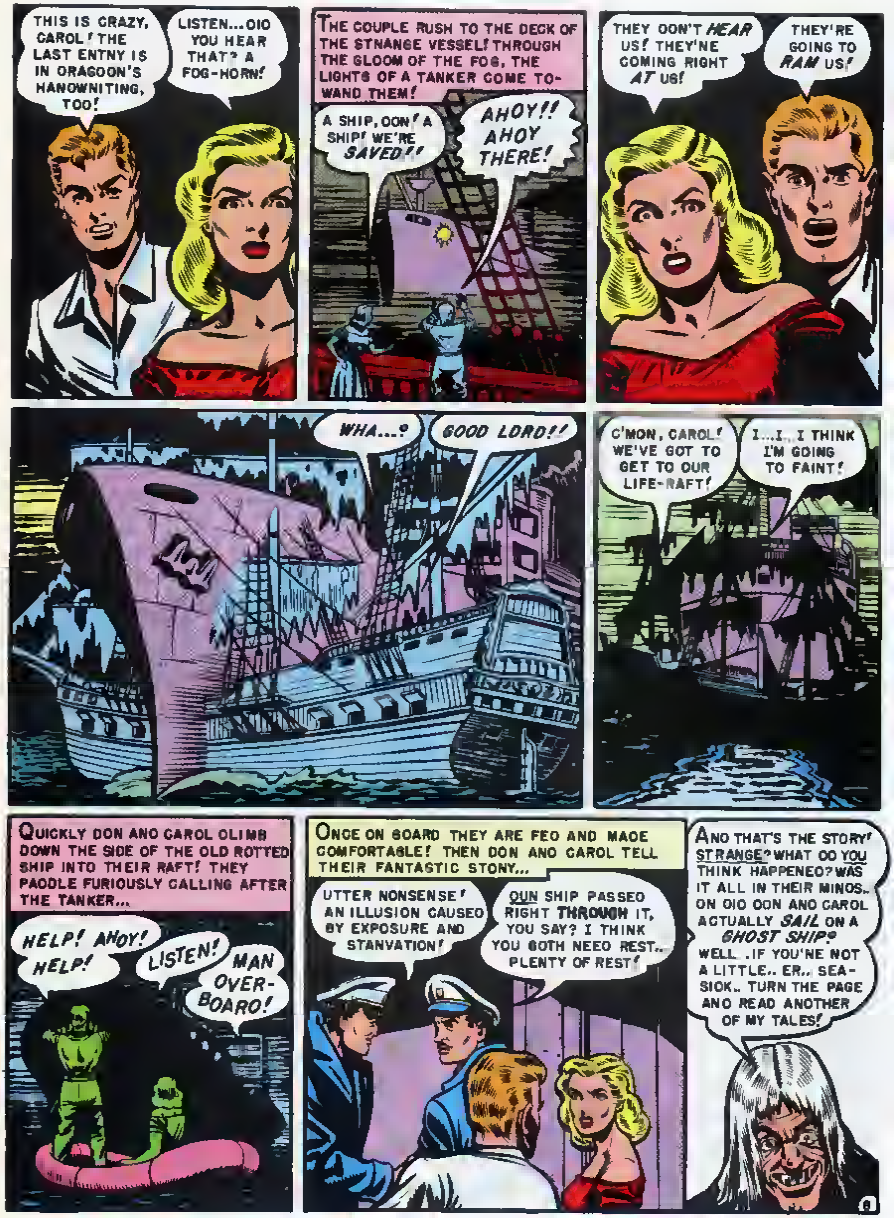
THAT CURSED ALBATROSS IS GONE, ANYWAY! BUT WE STILL DO NOT MOVE.

THE SHIP WILL NOT BE ABLE TO TAKE THIS MUCH LONGER!

"January 5th 1854
Carter has strangled while tying a sail on the mizzen mast and he hangs like a banner in the wind. Johnson still remains tied to the helm and I here in the cabin. The water is beginning to fill the hold. We are sinking fast! I will finish this entry and take to the sea. It's my last hope! John Bates"

IS THAT ALL, DON?

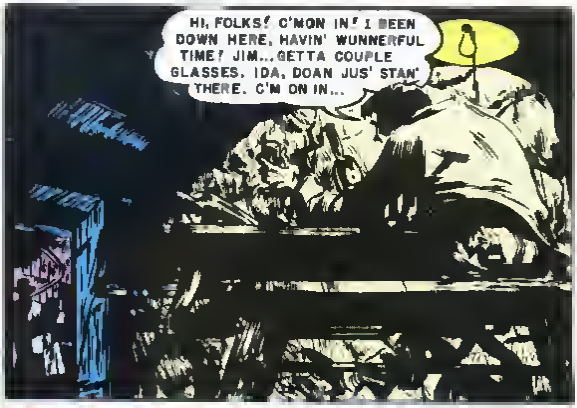
NO! THERE'S THIS *LAST* ENTRY DATED JANUARY 6th 1854! IT SAYS, "THE SHIP IS MINE AGAIN! I WILL SAIL IT INTO ETERNITY! CAPTAIN HENRY DRAGOON!"

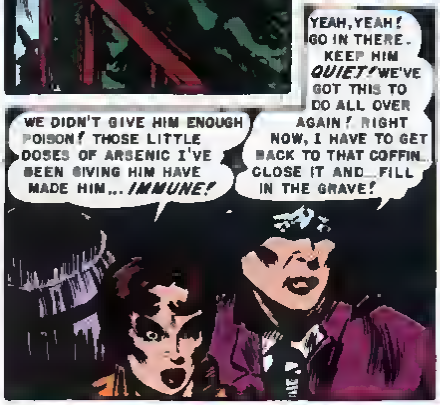

THIS IS CRAZY, CAROL! THE LAST ENTNY IS IN ORAGOON'S HANOWNITING, TOO!
LISTEN... OIO YOU HEAR THAT? A FOG-HORN!
THE COUPLE RUSH TO THE DECK OF THE STNANGE VESSEL! THROUGH THE GLOOM OF THE FOG, THE LIGHTS OF A TANKER COME TO-WAND THEM!
A SHIP, OON! A SHIP! WE'RE SAVED!!
AHOY!! AHOY THERE!
THEY OON'T HEAR US! THEY'NE COMING RIGHT AT US!
THEY'RE GOING TO RAM US!
WHA...?
GOOD LORD!!
C'MON, CAROL! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO OUR LIFE-RAFT!
I...I.. I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT!
QUICKLY DON AND CAROL OLIMB DOWN THE SIDE OF THE OLD ROTTED SHIP INTO THEIR RAFT! THEY PAODLE FURIOUSLY CALLING AFTER THE TANKER...
HELP! AHOY! HELP!
LISTEN!
MAN OVER-BOARO!
ONCE ON BOARD THEY ARE FEO AND MADE COMFORTABLE! THEN DON AND CAROL TELL THEIR FANTASTIC STONY...
UTTER NONSENSE! AN ILLUSION CAUSEO BY EXPOSURE AND STANVATION!
OUN SHIP PASSED RIGHT THROUGH IT, YOU SAY? I THINK YOU BOTH NEED REST.. PLENTY OF REST!
AND THAT'S THE STORY! STRANGE? WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED? WAS IT ALL IN THEIR MINDS.. OR DID DON AND CAROL ACTUALLY SAIL ON A GHOST SHIP? WELL..IF YOU'RE NOT A LITTLE.. ER.. SEA-SICK.. TURN THE PAGE AND READ ANOTHER OF MY TALES!
8

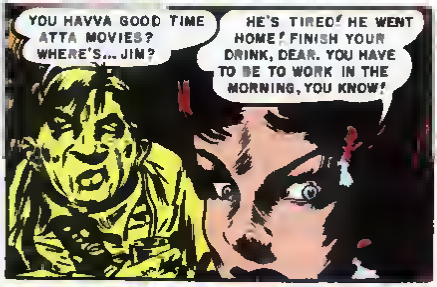
THE HUNGRY GRAVE

JIM...OH, JIM! YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL TO ME! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D HAVE DONE IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG! ED DIDN'T LOVE ME ANY MORE!
BUT I DO, BABY! NOW DON'T YOU WORRY! EVERYTHING IS GOING ALONG SWELL!
I'D BEEN POISONING ED BEFORE I MET YOU, JIM DEAR! HE WAS... HATEFUL! STINGY! HE'D NEVER BUY ME NICE CLOTHES! BUT I JUST KEPT GIVING HIM LITTLE DOSES... TRYING TO WHIP MY NERVE UP INTO REALLY KILLING HIM...
YOU DIDN'T PLAN ENOUGH, BABY! THIS WAY, THERE'LL BE NO FUSS! ED WILL BE IN THAT GRAVE! NOBODY WILL EVER THINK OF LOOKING THERE FOR HIM! THE LAW CAN NEVER TOUCH US!
JIM, I'M SO HAPPY! I'LL HAVE ED'S MONEY... WITHOUT ED... AND HAVE YOU, TOO!
HE'S INSIDE ON THE DIVAN. COME ON! I'LL GET A FIREMAN'S HITCH ON HIM, CARRY HIM TO THE CAR, THEN DRIVE OFF... BACK TO THAT GRAVEYARD!
IDA! IDA! ED ISN'T HERE! THE DIVAN IS... EMPTY!
JIM, I'M ...SCARED! A DEAD MAN CAN'T WALK... AND WE SAW HIM DRINK THE WHISKEY WITH THE ARSENIC IN IT! HE MUST BE DEAD! HE'S GOT TO BE DEAD!
FOR A STUNNED MOMENT, HANDSOME YOUNG JIM KELLEGER AND PRETTY MRS IDA GREENE STARED AT EACH OTHER WITH HORROR WRITTEN ON THEIR FACES...
SOMEONE WAS HERE... FOUND HIM! WE'VE GOT TO RUN... GET AWAY!
BUT WHO COULD HAVE GOTTEN IN? THE HOUSE WAS LOCKED UNLESS ED WALKED AWAY... DYING... HELPLESS...
SUDDENLY... FROM THE CELLAR...
WHA... WHAT'S THAT?
MAYBE THE POLICE... SAW HIM... BROKE IN... POLICE! IDA! WHAT'LL WE DO?
MOAN-N-N-N
2

HAND IN HAND, JIM KELLEBER AND PRETTY IDA GREENE RAN DOWN THE CELLAR STAIRS..
THERE'S A LIGHT ON...IN THE WINE CELLAR!
COME ON! I'VE GOT TO SEE...SEE WHAT'S... IN THERE!


HI, FOLKS! C'MON IN! I BEEN DOWN HERE, HAVIN' WUNNERFUL TIME! JIM...GETTA COUPLE GLASSES, IDA, DOAN JUS' STAN' THERE. C'M ON IN...


YEAH, YEAH! GO IN THERE. KEEP HIM QUIET! WE'VE GOT THIS TO DO ALL OVER AGAIN! RIGHT NOW, I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THAT COFFIN... CLOSE IT AND...FILL IN THE GRAVE!
WE DIDN'T GIVE HIM ENOUGH POISON! THOSE LITTLE DOSES OF ARSENIC I'VE BEEN GIVING HIM HAVE MADE HIM... IMMUNE!


YOU HAVVA GOOD TIME ATTA MOVIES? WHERE'S... JIM?
HE'S TIRED! HE WENT HOME! FINISH YOUR DRINK, DEAR. YOU HAVE TO BE TO WORK IN THE MORNING, YOU KNOW!

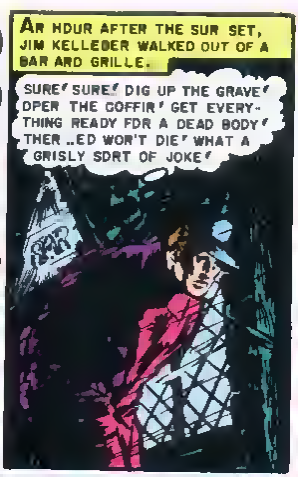
THERE! THESE SOD SQUARES FIT TOGETHER CLOSELY ENOUGH SO NO ONE WILL NOTICE THAT I'VE BEEN DIGGING HERE!

COVERED WITH SWEAT, SHAKING WITH STRAIN, JIM WENT BACK TO THE OPEN GRAVE...
NEVER SO...SHOCKED IN ALL MY LIFE... TO HEAR ED... TALKING!

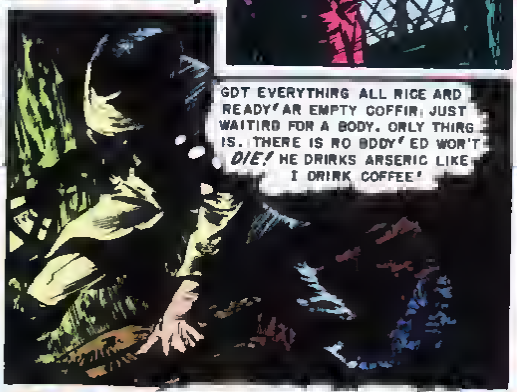
BACK IN HER FASHIONABLE HOME, IDA GREENE WALKED HER BEDROOM FLOOR FAR INTO THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING...
LAST NIGHT ALMOST SHATTERED JIM'S NERVE! I COULD FEEL IT! HE WAS SHAKING WHEN HE LEFT HERE... SHAKING! I'VE GOT TO ACT FAST OR HE MAY TRY TO BACK OUT! THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, I'LL PHONE HIM!

NEXT MORRING...
JIM, DARLIRG! OH, LAST RIGHT WAS SO GHASTLY... DID YOU MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT... AT THE GRAVE? GOOD! NOW LISTER! LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY.

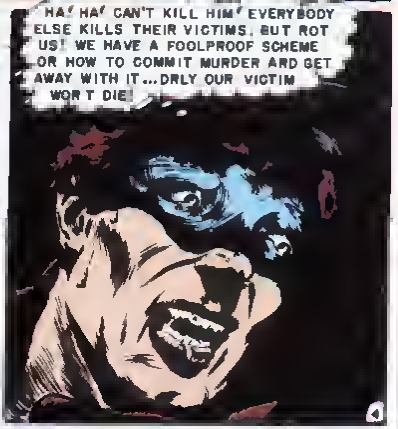
A BIG DOSE OF ARSERIC! YES, THAT'S RIGHT! HE'LL TAKE IT IR HIS MEAL AT SUPPER TONIGHT! HO, HO, DEAREST! THIS CAN'T FAIL! I'M GOING TO USE THE ENTIRE BOTTLE! NOW, YOU GO RIGHT TO THE GRAVE...


AN HOUR AFTER THE SUN SET, JIM KELLEDER WALKED OUT OF A BAR AND GRILLE.
SURE! SURE! DIG UP THE GRAVE! OPER THE COFFIN! GET EVERYTHING READY FOR A DEAD BODY! THER...ED WON'T DIE! WHAT A GRISLY SORT OF JOKE!

HA! HA! HA! WHAT A WASTE OF EFFORT!


GOT EVERYTHING ALL NICE AND READY! AN EMPTY COFFIN; JUST WAITIRD FOR A BODY. ONLY THING IS. THERE IS NO BODY! ED WON'T DIE! HE DRINKS ARSERIC LIKE I DRINK COFFEE!

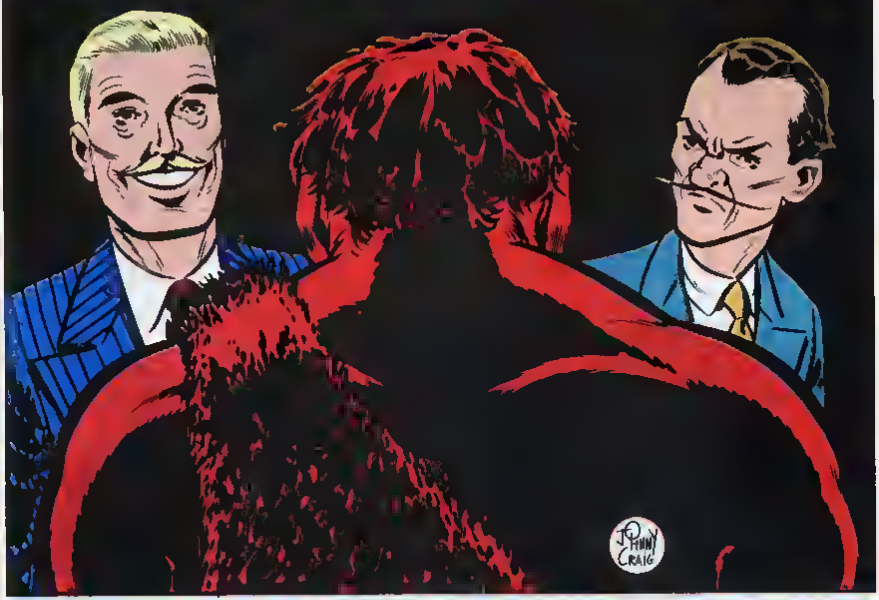
IDA SAID TO PICK UP THE BODY IR HER LIVING ROOM. IT WILL BE IR A SACK! BUT I'LL BET IT WON'T BE! ED'S STUBBORN! WE CAN'T KILL HIM!


HA! HA! CAN'T KILL HIM! EVERYBODY ELSE KILLS THEIR VICTIMS, BUT NOT US! WE HAVE A FOOLPROOF SCHEME OR HOW TO COMMIT MURDER AND GET AWAY WITH IT... ONLY OUR VICTIM WON'T DIE!

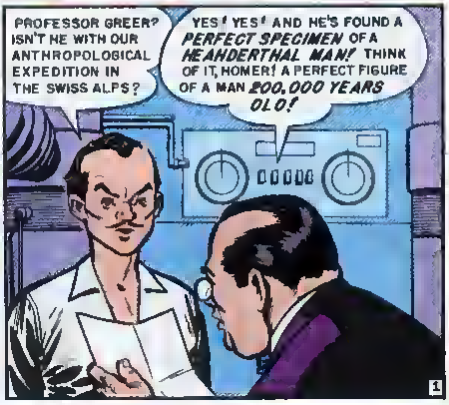
JIM KELLEBEN WAS SHAKING IN NERVOUS TENNON AS HE OPENED THE FRONT OOOR OF THE GREENE MANSION..
IDA! HELLO, IDA...?
IDA...ISN'T .HOME! BUT... BUT SHE LEFT... ED!
COME ON, ED! LET'S YOU AN ME TAKE A LITTLE NIDE, HUH? SUNE! I'LL DNIVE! HA! HA! 'COURSE I'LL ONIVE!
IDA AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A SWELL TIME WITH YOUR MONEY, ED! YOU WOULDN'T SPEND A PENNY UNLESS YOU GOT A NICKEL'S WORTH FOR IT, BUT YOUR PRETTY WIDOW AND I...WE'RE GOING TO HAVE LOTS OF FUN!
SO LONG, ED!
AND THEN, AS JIM LOWERED THE SACK INTO THE OPEN COFFIN, THE BODY INSIDE IT STIRRED AND TRIED TO SIT UP!
MMMMOOOOAAAHHHH...
THIS WON'T TAKE LONG, ED! YOU'LL BE RESTING QUIETLY UNDER SIX FEET OF DIRT PRETTY SOON!

YOU'RE NOT DEAD YET ED? RDT DEAD? STILL ALIVE? IDA GAVE YOU A WHDLE BOTTLE DF ARSERIC ED! YDU'VE GOT TO BE DEAD!
BUT I'M GDING TO... MAKE SURE! I'M GDING TD BEAT YDU... UNTIL
RD...RD! I...I CAN'T DD IT! I CAN'T HURT ANYDRE! IDA KREW THAT! THAT'S WHY SHE DID THE... THE KILLING! ALL I EVER DID WAS DIG...
THERE! I'LL LDCK YDU IRSIDE THE CDFFIR! THAT WAY YOU CAN'T EVER GET DUT! EVER IF YDU ARE STILL ALIVE, YOU'LL SUFFDCATE IR THE CDFFIR! YOU'LL BE DEAD RDW! DEAD... DEAD...
NEXT MDRRING, JIM PRESSES THE DOORBELL DF THE GREENE MARSIDR. FDR A WHILE, ALL IS BTILL IR THE HDUSE, ARD THER—
YOU!!!
YES, JIM...ME! YOU SEE, THAT WAS IDA IN THE SACK LAST RIGHT! I DVERHEARD HER LITTLE PLAN TD PDISDR ME. I DECIDED TD PDISDR NER IRSTEAD!
I'LL COVER YOU WITH RICE CLEAR DIRT! HEAVY DIRT! DIRT YDU CAR'T PUSH ASIDE TD CLIMB DUT! THIS TIME, YOU'RE DEAD FDREVER!
COME DR IR, JIM! AS A BARBER MIGHT SAY BEFORE WIELDING HIS RAZDR... YOU'RE NEXT!

CAVE MAN



WE FIND HOMER PERRY IN HIS PRIVATE WORKSHOP IN THE JONSONIAN INSTITUTE, WHERE HE IS THE ASSISTANT CURATOR, BUSILY ENGAGED IN THE PREPARATION OF AN EXHIBIT WHICH HAS BEEN TWO YEARS IN THE MAKING...

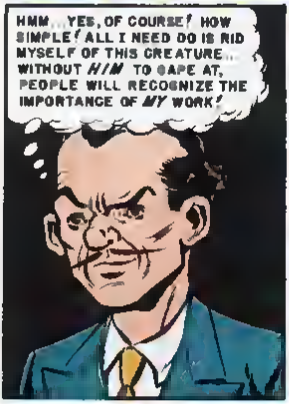


200,000 YEARS! BUT HOW WAS IT PRESERVED FOR SO LONG?
ICE! IT WAS FROZEN SOLID IN A GLACIER IN THE ALPS! THE INTENSE COLD PRESERVED IT COMPLETELY!
GREER WILL HAVE THE NEANDERTHAL BACK HERE IN THE INSTITUTE IN LESS THAN TWO WEEKS! I WANT YOU TO STOP WORK ON YOUR EXHIBIT IMMEDIATELY!
WHAT? BUT MR YARDLEY, SIR! IT'S... IT'S ALMOST DONE! I CAN'T STOP NOW!
I'M SORRY, HOMER, BUT A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED REFRIGERATED EXHIBIT CASE IS BEING MADE! I WANT YOU TO HELP WITH THE BACKDROPS AND PROPS WHICH WE'LL NEED TO MAKE IT LOOK AS IF THIS PREHISTORIC MAN IS IN HIS... ER... NATURAL SURROUNDINGS!
BUT, MR. YARDLEY, SIR, YOU KNOW HOW IMPORTANT THE EXHIBIT I'M WORKING ON IS TO ME!
OF COURSE, HOMER! IT'S A GREAT THING YOU'RE DOING, I ADMIT! IT WOULD MAKE YOU FAMOUS, BRING YOU WEALTH! YOUR FUTURE WOULD BE SECURED!
EXACTLY, MR YARDLEY! I'VE SLAVED FOR TWO LONG YEARS TO PERFECT EVERY DETAIL! THE PRESTIGE ALONE WOULD INSURE MY CAREER! MY FUTURE LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!
I KNOW, HOMER, I KNOW! BUT BESIDE GREER'S MOMENTOUS FIND, YOUR EXHIBIT BECOMES INSIGNIFICANT! NOW, STOP ARGUING AND DO AS I ASKED!
GRUMBLING, HOMER PERRY ATTACKED HIS NEW TASK. THE SUB-ZERO SHOWCASE WAS FINISHED AND REPLICAS OF PREHISTORIC SETTINGS CONSTRUCTED AND READIED...
PROFESSOR GREER! I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN! EVERYTHING HAS BEEN PREPARED!
GOOD! I'M ANXIOUS TO GET TO WORK! I HOPE THE SHOWCASE IS COLD ENOUGH! HE STILL HAS TO BE CHOPPED FREE OF GLACIER ICE!
PROFESSOR GREER, I...
HOMER, DON'T BOTHER THE PROFESSOR. WHY DON'T YOU FINISH YOUR EXHIBIT? YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO COMPLETE IT BEFORE WE OPEN THE INSTITUTE'S DOORS TO THE PUBLIC TOMORROW! ANYWAY, WE DON'T NEED YOU NOW...

RIGHT THIS WAY, PROFESSOR! WE'LL DOR OUR HEATED SUITS AND GET RIGHT TO WORK!
I CAN'T WAIT TO GET HIM FREE OF THAT ICE TO GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM!
NON I! WE MUST BE VERY GENTLE! I'D HATE TO DAMAGE HIM IRANY WAY!
THE TWO MEN BEGAN TO CHIP AWAY THE ICE BIT BY BIT... AND TIME PASSED INTO HOURS.
WE'LL BE FINISHED SOON! HE LOOKS EVER BETTEN THAN I THOUGHT!
NEMARKABLE!
.ARD THER...
WE'RE DONE! LOOK AT HIM! PERFECTLY PRESERVED!
EXTRAORDINARY! YOU HAVE DONE THE WORLD A GREAT SERVICE, PROFESSOR! YOU WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY!
PFAAH! LOOK AT THEM FALLING ALL OVER HIM! THEIR HERO! THOSE BLIND FOOLS! DON'T THEY REALIZE HIS FINDING THAT... THAT "THING" WAS JUST LUCK? PFAAH!
NEANDERTHAL MAN 200,000 B.C.
DUE TO PUBLICITY, THE IRSTITUTE WAS THRONGED WITH PEOPLE WHER THE EXHIBITS ARE URVEILED! BUT...
EVERYONE IS SWARMING AROUND GREEN! NO ONE EVEN NOTICED MY EXHIBIT AT ALL!
IT ISN'T FAIR! I WORKED SO HARD ON MY EXHIBIT! ALL THE FAME AND GLORY HE'S RECEIVING WOULD HAVE BEEN MINE! HOW I HATE HIM.. BUT I'LL GET EVER
3

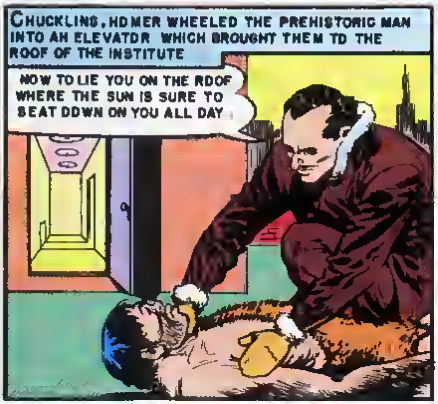
WITH EACH SUCCEEDING DAY, AS NEW ATTENTION AND HONORS WERE HEAPED UPON GREER, HOMER GREW MORE ANGRY AND BITTER...
YOU! YOU'RE TO BLAME FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED! IF GREER HADN'T FOUND YOU, I'D BE RECEIVING THE GLORY AND FAME I DESERVE!

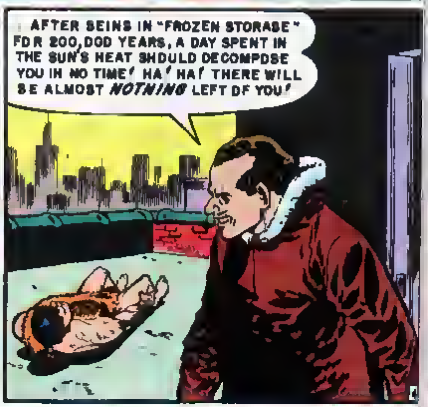
MY WORK WILL NEVER BE RECOGNIZED WHILE YOU'RE AROUND, YOU STUPID NEANDERTHAL! I... WAIT! I'VE JUST HAD AN IDEA...


HMM... YES, OF COURSE! HOW SIMPLE! ALL I NEED DO IS RID MYSELF OF THIS CREATURE... WITHOUT HIM TO GAPE AT, PEOPLE WILL RECOGNIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF MY WORK!

...AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO DO IT! THE INSTITUTE IS CLOSED OVER THE WEEK-ENDS! THAT'LL BE PERFECT... JUST PERFECT!

EARLY SUNDAY MORNING, HOMER ENTERED THE INSTITUTE AND WENT DIRECTLY TO THE SUB-ZERO CASE...
THERE! I'VE LOOSENED THE PROPS THAT HOLD HIM UP! NOW TO PUT HIM ON THIS WHEEL-TABLE...

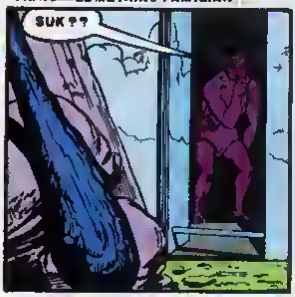

CHUCKLING, HOMER WHEELED THE PREHISTORIC MAN INTO AN ELEVATOR WHICH BROUGHT THEM TO THE ROOF OF THE INSTITUTE
NOW TO LIE YOU ON THE ROOF WHERE THE SUN IS SURE TO BEAT DOWN ON YOU ALL DAY!

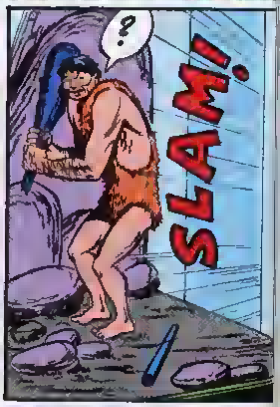

AFTER BEING IN "FROZEN STORAGE" FOR 200,000 YEARS, A DAY SPENT IN THE SUN'S HEAT SHOULD DECOMPOSE YOU IN NO TIME! HA! HA! THERE WILL BE ALMOST NOTHING LEFT OF YOU!

THE DAY PASSED ALL TOO SLOWLY FOR HOMER, BUT FINALLY IT WAS NIGHT... AND HE RETURNED TO THE INSTITUTE...
I'LL HAVE TO BRING THE ROTTED REMAINS OF ITS BODY BACK HERE WHERE THEY BELONG! ...I'LL JUST PROP THIS SHOW-CASE DOOR OPEN...
NEANDERTHAL EXHIBIT
MOMENTS LATER HE WAS ON THE ROOF...
WHAT TH'? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE HASN'T DE-COMPOSED AT ALL... JUST SEEMS TO HAVE THAWED OUT A BIT! BLAST IT! TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING MORE! I'LL HAVE TO PUT HIM BACK...
THE SUN WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH! NEXT WEEK-END I'LL TRY TO HELP IT ALONG BY BRINGING HIGH POWER HEAT LAMPS...
?
HMM... THOUGHT I SAW HIS EYE TWITCH!... HEH! MUST BE MY IMAGINATION...
OH,... HERE WE ARE... ONLY TAKE A FEW MORE MINUTES TO REACH THE EXHIBIT-CASE! BE GLAD, TOO! GETTING JITTERY...
NEANDERTHAL EXHIBIT
?
...COULD HAVE SWORN HIS HAND MOVED JUST THEN! ...PFAAH! JUST MY NERVES ACTING UP!
URK?
GOOO HEAVENS! HE'S ALIVE! HE WASN'T DEAD AT ALL! HE... HE MUST HAVE BEEN IN A STATE OF... SUSPENDED ANIMATION!
UROOH!
NO! NO! OON'T COME NEAR ME! KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
4
5

SUDDENLY THE PHEHISTORIC MAH NOTICES HIS STHANSE SURROUNDINGS AND FRIGHTEHED, HAGES THROUGH THE HALLS, WREAKING HAVOG

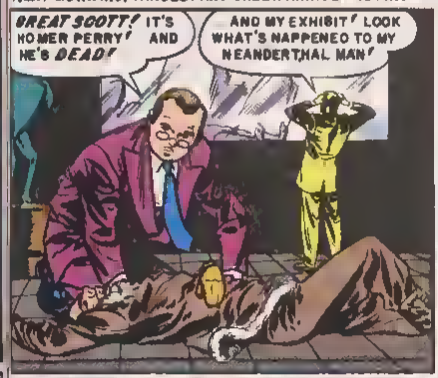
IN A FRENZY, THE NEANDERTHAL RASES AND STORMS UNTIL HE REACHES THE OPEN DOOR-WAY TO THE EXHIBIT THAT HOUSED HIM. HE STOPS, FOR INSIDE HE SEES SOME-THING... SOMETHING FAMILIAN

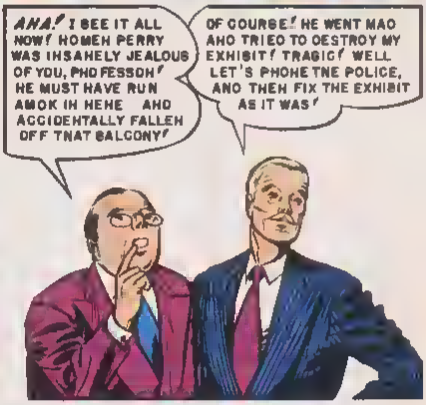


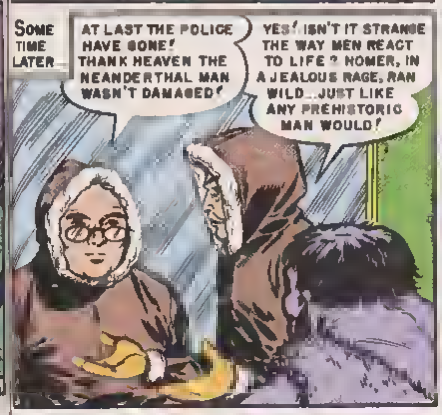


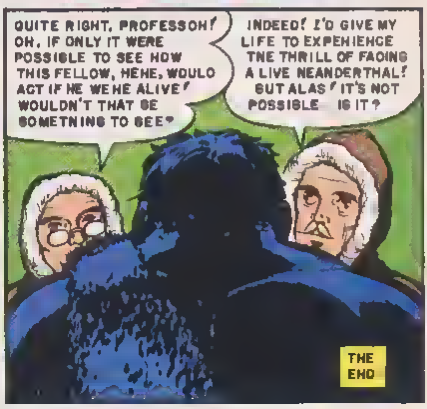
THROUSH THE SHOWCASE SLASS HE SEES THE REPLIDA OF A PRE-HISTORIC ANIMAL, AND IN HIS CONFUSED, BEWILDERED MIND HE KNOWS SUT ONE THING... *FIGHT!*

NEXT MORNING, YAHOLEY AND GREER ARRIVE... TO FIND...



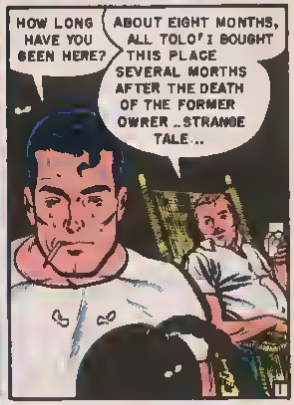






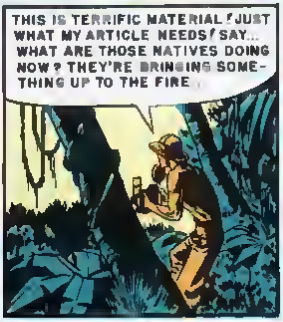
WHEN DANIEL KING ARRIVED IN HAITI, THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND OF VOODOO AND BLACK MAGIC, NEVER IN HIS MOST FANTASTIC NIGHTMARES DID HE DREAM HE WOULD ENCOUNTER A...

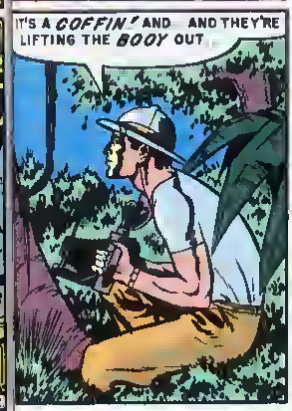
ZOMBIE!



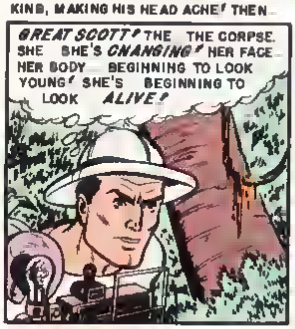
STRANGE? PERHAPS YOU WOULD TELL IT TO ME... I MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE IT IN THE ARTICLE I'M WRITING ABOUT THIS ISLAND!
HMM... YES, OF COURSE! WELL, AS I KNOW IT... JUST A MOMENT! DO YOU HEAR ANYTHING?
WHY, YES... YES, I DO! IT'S GETTING LOUDER... SOUNDS LIKE... LIKE DRUMS!
THE VOODOO DRUMS!
I HAVEN'T READ MUCH ON THE SUBJECT OF VOODOO, MR RICHARDS... WHAT'S UP?
NOTHING GOOD, YOU MAY BE SURE OF THAT! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE HEARD THEM TOO... ALTHOUGH I'VE BEEN TOLD...
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! NO NATIVES AROUND AT ALL! THE PLANTATION IS DESERTED!
SAY, WHAT GIVES? IF THIS IS SOMETHING I CAN USE, SAY SO!
TONIGHT IS VOODOO NIGHT! THE PLANTATION NATIVES HAVE GATHERED IN THE JUNGLE... TO JOIN IN A BLACK MAGIC RITUAL!
SAY! THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF MATERIAL I WANT! I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT RITUAL! WHERE'S MY CAMERA?
MR. KING! YOU CAN'T LEAVE THIS HOUSE TONIGHT! IT JUST ISN'T DONE! THIS IS VOODOO NIGHT! ALL SORTS OF WEIRD THINGS HAPPEN WHEN THOSE NATIVES PERFORM THEIR RITUALS! NO OUTSIDER IS SAFE OUT THERE!
MR. RICHARDS, I CAME DOWN HERE TO GET MATERIAL TO WRITE ABOUT, AND I'M GOING TO GET IT!
P--PLEASE! I BEG OF YOU! DON'T GO!
SO LONG, MR RICHARDS!

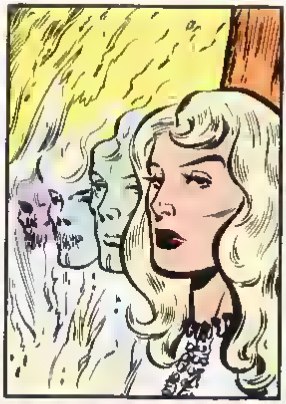
ARMED WITH BUT HIS CAMERA, DANIEL KING PLUNGED DEEP INTO THE DENSE UNDERGROWTH AND HURRIEDLY MADE HIS WAY TOWARD THE SOUND OF THE DISTANT DRUMS. HE TREMBLED WITH EXCITEMENT, AND PERSPIRATION OOZED FROM HIS PORES LIKE WATER, AS THE BOOMING VOODOO DRUMS POUNDED IN HIS EARS AND THE FRENZIED SCREAMING CHANTS OF THE NATIVES HERALDED THE NEARNESS OF HIS GOAL! SUDDENLY HE WAS THERE! UNSEEN, DANIEL KING WATCHED... AFRAID... BUT YET ENTRANCED...

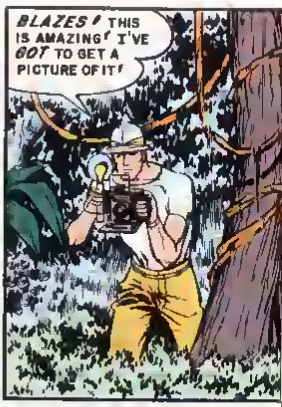




THE NATIVES DANCED FASTER ABOUT THE HORRIBLE, EMACIATED CORPSE THE FIRE BURNED HIGHER AND THE DRUMS THROBBED THROUGH DANIEL KING, MAKING HIS HEAD ACHE! THEN—



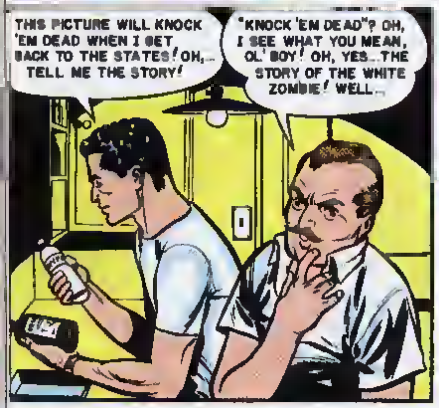


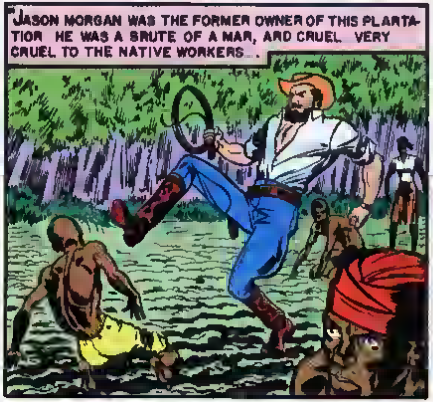


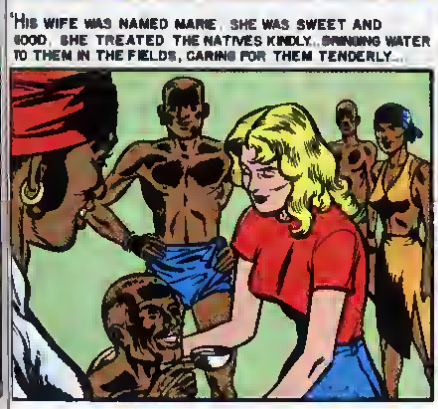
SOME TIME LATER...
MR. KING! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT DID YOU SEE?!

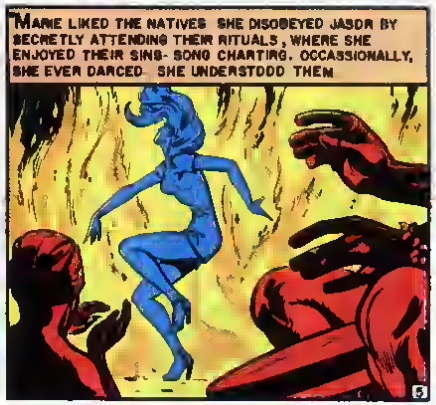
DANIEL KING RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE...
AND WHEN THE WOMAN'S CORPSE COLLAPSED IN A HEAP, I RAN LIKE THE DEVIL!
IT'S...IT'S ASTOUNDING! YOU ACTUALLY SAW THE WHITE ZOMBIE?

SAW IT? I PHOTOGRAPHED IT! C'MON! YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT THE WHITE ZOMBIE WHILE I DEVELOP THE NEGATIVE!
RIGHTO!

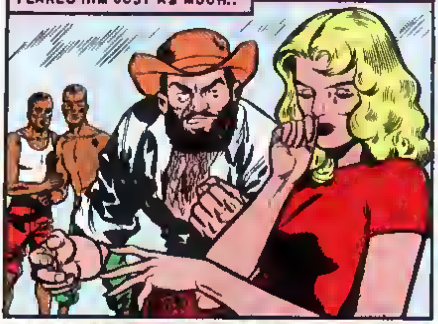

THIS PICTURE WILL KNOCK 'EM DEAD WHEN I GET BACK TO THE STATES! OH,... TELL ME THE STORY!
"KNOCK 'EM DEAD"? OH, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, OL' BOY! OH, YES...THE STORY OF THE WHITE ZOMBIE! WELL...


JASON MORGAN WAS THE FORMER OWNER OF THIS PLANTATION. HE WAS A BRUTE OF A MAN, AND CRUEL. VERY CRUEL TO THE NATIVE WORKERS...

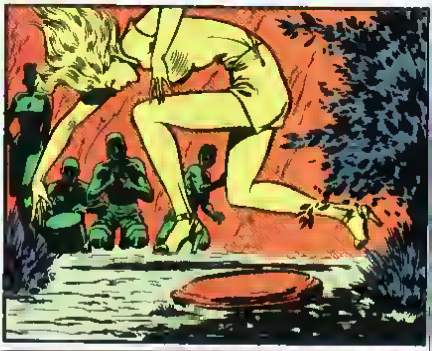

HIS WIFE WAS NAMED MARIE. SHE WAS SWEET AND GOOD. SHE TREATED THE NATIVES KINDLY...BRINGING WATER TO THEM IN THE FIELDS, CARING FOR THEM TENDERLY...


MARIE LIKED THE NATIVES. SHE DISOBEYED JASON BY SECRETLY ATTENDING THEIR RITUALS, WHERE SHE ENJOYED THEIR SING-SONG CHANTING. OCCASSIONALLY, SHE EVEN DANCED. SHE UNDERSTOOD THEM
5

"AS I SAID, SHE LIKED THE NATIVES, AND THEY IN TURN, ADORED HER! BECAUSE OF THIS, JASON HATED HER AND HURT HER OFTEN. BUT THOUGH THE NATIVES LOATHED HIM ENOUGH TO KILL HIM, THEY DID NOTHING FOR THEY FEARED HIM JUST AS MUCH..

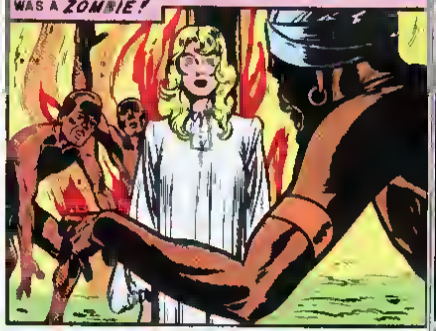


"HOWEVER, ONE NIGHT MARIE SNEAKED AWAY TO JOIN HER FRIENDS IN A RITUAL. SHE DANCED ECSTATICALLY AND CHANTED WITH THEM — SHE WAS LOVELY TO SEE..



BUT SUDDENLY, IN A DRUNKEN RAGE, JASON BURST UPON THE SCENE! HURLING VILE PROFANITY UPON HIS WIFE HE DREW HIS GUN AND *SHOT* HER! SHE FELL DEAD...

"THAT SAME NIGHT, AFTER JASON HAD LEFT, THE VOODOO DRUMS PULSATED THROUGH THE JUNGLE... THE FORCES OF BLACK MAGIC WERE CONJURED UP AND BY THEIR EVIL POWER MARIE BECAME ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD! SHE WAS A *ZOMBIE!*



"THE NATIVES SENT HER TO JASON SHE WAS TO WREAK VENGEANCE UPON HIM FOR HIS SINS...

"BULLETS WERE USELESS! LEAD WILL NOT KILL ONE ALREADY DEAD!

"AND JASON, TERRIFIED BEYOND WORDS, FLED INTO THE JUNGLE...

THERE WAS NO ESCAPE JASON FIRED AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL HIS GUN WAS EMPTY...AND STILL THE WHITE ZOMBIE STALKED HIM...

HYSTERICALLY, HE PLUNGED DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE, HOPING SOME-HOW, TO FIND SAFETY...

"BUT INSTEAD, HE FOUND QUICKSAND!

HIS FRANTIC EFFORTS TO FREE HIMSELF ONLY SUCKED HIM DEEPER INTO THE MIRE... AS THE WHITE ZOMBIE WALKED SILENTLY UP TO THE EDGE OF THE BOG...

"...AND BLINDLY FOLLOWED HIM TO EXTINCTION!"

...AND THAT'S THE STORY, KING! TONIGHT, I REALIZE NOW, IS THE ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR DEATH! TONIGHT, THE NATIVES TRIED TO BRING HER BACK!
THEY DID BRING HER BACK! I SAW HER! WAIT. I'VE FINISHED DEVELOPING THE PHOTO! PUT ON THE LIGHT AND WE'LL HAVE A LOOK!

WHA...? WHY, SHE'S NOT THERE! EVERYTHING ELSE IS! THE NATIVES, THE FIRE, EVEN THE POLE SHE STOOD AGAINST! EVERYTHING'S THERE EXCEPT THE WHITE ZOMBIE!
?
-THE END-